THE WISE BOYS;

OR

ENTERTAINING HISTORIES

OF

FRED. FORETHOUGHT,

THE BOY WHO LOOKED BEFORE HE LEAPED;

MATT. MERRYTHOUGHT

THE BOY WHO WAS ALWAYS MERRY;

LUKE LOVEBOOK,

THE BOY WHO WAS FOND OF LEARNING;

AND,

BEN. BEE,

THE BOY WHO WAS ALWAYS INDUSTRIOUS.

EDITED BY

MRS. S. J. HALE

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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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This book was the property
of
William Turner Clarke
Younger brother of
Amanda F. Todd
He died at the age
of nine years.

MATHEW MERRYTHOUGHT CHEERING HIS SCHOOLFELLOWS.
ELTON

THE
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OF FRED. FORETHOUGHT, MATT. MERRY-THOUGHT, LUKE LOVEBOOK, AND BEN. BEE.
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FRED FORETHOUGHT;

OR,

THE BOY

WHO THOUGHT BEFORE HE ACTED.

"Whate'er you have to say or do,
Of hastiness beware;
Both pause and think a little first,
And then proceed with care."

This, among other good advice,
His mother gave to Fred.;
Which, when he went to school, he still
Kept treasured in his head.

He soon a great advantage found,
In practising this rule:
He seldom made a silly speech,
Or acted like a fool.

His master, when he questioned him,
Was charmed with his replies;
And Fred., by weighing well his
thoughts,
Avoided falsities.

Many a time he would have met
With accidents severe,
Had he not reasoned with himself,
"There's caution needed here."

He would not slide upon the ice
When he thought it was unsound,
But his playmates scorning all he said,
Fell in, and one was drowned.

When his kite had lodged in any tree,
He always took good care,
Before he ventured up, to see
That every branch would bear.

LUKE LOVEBOOK GAINING THE PRIZE FOR LEARNING LESSONS WELL.

Others, who took not his advice,
Would climb without alarm,
When the branch would snap, and
down they'd fall,
And break a leg or arm.

While playing in the fields, he ne'er
Would leap a ditch, except
He well had viewed the distance
first,
And looked before he leapt.

Others would jump without a thought,
And the bank would then give way,
And in they'd fall, and out they'd crawl,
Covered with mud and clay.

To be in time he'd often learn,
In spite of others' scorn,
His next day's lesson overnight,
And knew it all by morn.

He thus had time for exercise,
Before the school began;
While they were all confined in doors,
Who'd not pursued his plan.

Before he laid his money out
In cakes and other trash,
He'd often check his haste and say,
"I'd better save this cash:

And when I have enough, I'll buy
Some books in prose or verse;"
So that he seldom was without
Some money in his purse.

He'd bear in mind his sisters too,
For whom he'd always buy
Presents of little books, whene'e
His holidays drew nigh.

This forethought and attention
Produced its own reward,
In the pleasure which he felt, himself,
As well as their regard.

Apprenticed in his fifteenth year,
And having just left school,
He still kept constantly in mind,
His mother's golden rule.

To ponder well each word and act,
He found was needed more,
In this new scene of active life,
Than e'er he found before.

His master marked his industry,
His forethought and good sense,
And trusted all important tasks
To Frederick's diligence.

He thus obtained that character,
On which mankind depends;
So that on entering business,
He never wanted friends.

He met with great success in trade,
Grew richer every year,
Had all good wishes on his side,
And every comfort near.

At length he built a country-house,
And kept his coach, and grew
Wiser and richer, for he still
Kept forethought in his view.

F. FORETHOUGHT CONDUCTING HIS MASTER'S BUSINESS.
ELTON

MATTHEW MERRYTHOUGHT;

OR,

THE BOY

WHO WAS ALWAYS HAPPY.

In all their disappointments,

Our little friends will find

One of the very best of cures,

Is cheerfulness of mind.

So here you see Matt. Merrythought,
With laughing, happy face;
And next to him stands sulky Joe,
Who's always in disgrace.

Which would you rather imitate?
You'll say at once, the boy
Whose cheerful countenance be-
speaks
A heart brimful of joy.

But there are two more groups above;
The one all full of fun;
While from the other sulky tears,
As large as marbles, run.

While yet a child, young Matthew found
That a smile became him more
Than cross or discontented looks,
Or a loud and blubbering roar.

When being washed he'd sit quite
still;
But Joe would utter cries,
And kick about, and get the soap
Into his mouth and eyes.

When his toys were broken, he would
not,
As naughty children do,
Begin to fret, and pout, and cry,
In hopes of getting new;

SULKY JOE CRYING AT BEING WASHED.
ELTON

But he would hum a cheerful tune,
Or, may be, sit and sing,
And try to mend them up again
With many a bit of string.

If his parents happened to forget
To bring him home a book,
Or any thing they promised him,
He would not sulky look;

But shake his disappointment off,
And in a minute be
As happy as he was before,
And laughing merrily.

At school he met, as others do,
With troubles every day;
He'd meet with them at lesson time,
And meet with them at play.

But with a smile or pleasant thought,
He'd banish all his care;
And by his cheerfulness, endured
What others could not bear.

Though he was not fond of medicine,
And liked a rhubarb pie,
Better than rhubarb in a dose,
He ne'er was seen to cry,

When medicine was offered him,
Where illness was the case;
But he'd take the physic off at once,
With a smile upon his face.

If sent to learn his task again,
He'd cheerfully depart,
And never lose a moment, till
He'd got it all by heart.

Then with a smile he'd bring it up,
While sulky Joe was led,
To stand in some cold corner,
With a dunce-cap on his head.

He'd sometimes see his playmates sit,
With melancholy looks;
Wishing themselves at home again,
And far away from books.

"Rouse up," he'd cry, "be merry, all;
These murmurings should be stopped;
Laughing and learning fast, my boys,
Is the maxim I adopt."

When his holidays were over,
To school he would repair;
But find it difficult, at first,
To drive away dull care.

Yet he'd persist, until, at length,
His cheerful laugh was heard,
Whilst others moped about the school,
And scarcely spoke a word.

When older grown he oft was called,
(Like him well known to fame)
"The Laughing Philosopher," and well
He merited the name.

But he never laughed out foolishly
Or laughed at others' woe;
His cheerful heart made many friends,
But never made a foe.

LUKE LOVEBOOK;

OR,

THE BOY

WHO WAS FOND OF LEARNING.

The knowledge we derive from
books,
As well delights the mind,
As strengthens it, and makes the wit,
And manners, too, refined.

The well-instructed boy at once
His excellence displays;
The clown betrays his ignorance,
In all he does and says.

Lovebook had heard that knowledge makes
Men good. as well as wise;
His mother too had promised him
A very handsome prize;

As soon as he could read with ease
A book which she had bought;
He therefore learned his lessons well
And gained the prize he sought.

The Bible first attracted him,
In which he found displayed
How God created heaven and earth,
And how all things were made.

How Adam first committed sin,
(To which we're all inclined,)
How Jesus Christ at length was born,
And died for all mankind.

The Roman history described
How Rome, with rapid strides,
Made conquest of the neighbouring states,
And half the world besides.

It told of Romulus, its kings,
Its emperors as well;
And how at length the Roman pow'r
Beneath the Gothic fell.

The Grecian history showed how
Athens and Sparta shone;
What conquests Alexander made,
And what renown he won.

Of heroes, painters, orators,
Of poets, too, it spoke;
And how the Grecian power declined
Beneath a foreign yoke.

In English history he read
How England, wild and rude,
By Romans, Saxons, and at length,
By Normans, was subdued.

He read the reigns of all the kings,
Too numerous here to name;
Till to Victoria the first,
The present queen, he came.

The science of geography,
He found his studv worth;
It told him of the four distinct
Divisions of the earth:

As Europe, Asia, Africa,
America: the whole
Are seen above, the last stretched out
Almost from pole to pole.
It spoke of England as an isle
Surrounded by the sea;
That Europe, too, contained France,
Spain,
Russia, and Germany,

LUKE LOVEBOOK SHEWING HIS LIBRARY TO HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.
ELTON

Denmark, and Norway, Switzerland,
Greece, Holland, Portugal,
And Turkey, whence our coffee comes;
The map will show them all.
His books of natural history
Exhibited to view
The beasts, the birds, the fishes,
And the little insects, too.

It gave descriptions of their forms,
And of their habits told;
And many a little anecdote
His treatise could unfold.

As years advanced, his active mind
To knowledge still was bent;
And in the purchasing of books,
His money chiefly went.

He seldom to the toyshop strayed,
Or to the pastry-cook's;
When twelve years old, he could
command
A library of books.

BEN. BEE;

OR,

THE BOY

WHO WAS ALWAYS INDUSTRIOUS.

By honest industry, men rise
To wealth and high degree;
While idleness begets contempt,
Ill health, and poverty.

FRED FORETHOUGHT PURCHASING BOOKS FOR HIS SISTER.
ELTON

The history of Whittington,
To every one is known;
Who by his industry became
Lord Mayor of London town.

Ben. like the little busy bee,
That never wastes an hour,
Imbibing honey in its course,
From every plant or flower;

On some pursuit was ever bent,
Collecting, day by day,
Experience from all he chanced
To meet with in the way.

He'd rise the moment he awoke,
'Twas the best plan he knew;
He would not wait till he was called;
He'd something else to do.

His dress arranged, he would not sit
Like Thomas, at his ease,
Waiting for breakfast near the fire,
With elbows on his knees.

But if the weather would permit,
With spirits light and gay,
He'd gather health and rosy looks,
With exercise and play.

Or if imperfect in his task,
He knew, his better part
Was, with his best of industry,
To learn it well by heart.

His breakfast and his lessons o'er,
His gardening began,
For Benjamin might well be called
A little husbandman.

He'd sow, and plant, and trim, and
prune,
And busy with his spade.
His garden, with its flowers and
fruits,
His industry repaid.

A playmate once astonished Ben,
By telling all he knew:
He'd read the English history,
The Greek and Roman too.

Thought Ben., "he knows much
more than I,
But let me try and see
Whether I cannot gain as much
By dint of industry."

He got the books, and studied them,
Till every page became
Familiar to him, and he knew
Each place as well as name.

Then, when his visitor began
To boast of what he knew,
He found that Ben. could talk as well,
And somewhat better, too.

Many an odd half-hour occurs,
When some are wont to say,
"I know not how to fill it up,"
And so 'tis thrown away.

But little Ben. whene'er he could
That odd half-hour command,
Would fill it up with exercise,
Or take a book in hand.

Pleasure and profit he obtained,
In every walk he took:
He would not stroll on thoughtlessly,
But round about him look.

BEN BEE THE INDUSTRIOUS BOY.
ELTON

He'd gather flowers, and learn their
names,
The name of every tree;
Insects and birds he'd note, and mark
The labours of the bee.

As years rolled on, his industry
In business was shown;
And as a rich commercial man,
Ben. Bee was widely known.

For though, he knew, on slender means
His business must commence.
"Yet industry," he knew, "supplies
The want of dollars and cents."

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